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MR. PHILLIPS AGAIN.—MORE LECTURES.

In addition to the list of new lectures by Wendell Phillips, which we reported last week, as being "in readiness," to wit:

1. The War of Independence—the British victorious
2. The Mexican war—the Mexicans victorious.
3. The Battle of Waterloo—the French victorious:

the EVENING POST says that we do not fully appreciate Mr. Phillips' resources, and mentions the following lectures by the distinguished orator as being "in preparation":

4. The English Revolution of 1668—success of the Tories
5. Luther's Reformation in Germany—victory of the Pope of Rome.
6. The Advent of the Saviour—grand triumph of Paganism.

True, and the POST might have added:

8. The late Irish Row in New York—the Irish victorious.

9. The Fenian Row in Ireland—the Fenians victorious.

10. The Maretzek-Bennett War—Bennett victorious.

11. The Wendell Phillips War against everybody—Wendell Phillips victorious.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for November contains stories by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Gail Hamilton, S. T. Trowbridge, "Oliver Optic," Edmund Kirke, Mrs. Anna M. Wells, Samuel Duffield, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "Carleton," Samuel W. Duffield, and the author of "Ten Acres Enough." Now that the holiday season is approaching, we would suggest this most attractive of youthful magazines as admirably adapted for a Christmas or New Year's present. It costs but $2 a year, and the present would be renewed, as it were, every month till the joyful season comes round again. Subscriptions may be sent either to Ticknor & Fields, Boston, or to Mr. B. H. Ticknor, 823 Broadway.

The Messrs. Sweetser, proprietors of THE ROUND TABLE, are about to issue another juvenile weekly, which will probably be called THE ROUND CRADLE. Heavy juveniles don't pay. The difficulty with the ROUND TABLE is, that while its ideas are, so to speak, in one syllable, its words are in four. It is all well enough, doubtless, to issue a journal for the benefit of precocious children, infant lexicographists and such, who delight, like our colored brethren, in hard words; but the question is, whether there is enough of them to make it an object.

The proposition to enlarge the NATION to the size of the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, and increase the number of its pages to a hundred and thirty-two, is not received with favor.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never YOU mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due:
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never YOU mind!
Roll on! [IT ROLLS ON.

The NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, Washington, announces that it has reached its sixty-fifth year. We should judge as much to look at it The peculiarity of this sheet is that it always keeps about fifty years behind the age, and is read chiefly by octogenarians. For this reason it is generally spoken of by the press as "our venerable and highly respected contemporary."

The EVENING POST says that "Cornelius O'Dowd," of BLACKWOOD—an essayist who is sometimes witty, sometimes dull, but always garrulous, and spitely abusive of the United States and "Yankees"—is Charles Lever, the author of "Charles O'Malley," etc.

Augusta J. Evans, the author of "Beulah"—a work which Ada Clare once had the audacity to call "a leather-and-findings imitation of Jane Eyre"—has a new novel nearly ready for press.

The Boston TRANSCRIPT says that owing to the ill-health of Mr. Henry Giles, his lectures will be read this season by his wife, a lady of talent, education, and general literary accomplishment.

A Western exchange perpetrates the following:

Why is Gen. Jefferson C. Davis like a sailor? Because he has reason to thank God for the *C*.

A telegraphic dispatch states that Henry Ward Beecher has been at Washington during the week exchanging views with the President. Who got the best of the bargain we are left to imagine. Probably Beecher.

We publish this week, under the title of "The Queenly Power of Woman," an eloquent extract from Mr. Ruskin's last work—"Sesame and Lilies"—a neat edition of which has recently been issued by Messrs. John Wiley & Son.

It is said that an invitation has been extended to Mr. Levy, Bateman's great cornet-à-piston player to come back to, New York and experiment with Daboll's fog trumpet. If he can make it heard as far as he does his piston—fog or no fog—it will it be a great achievement.

Sir Morton Peto, Mr. McHenry, the Tunis Ambassador, Henry Ward Beecher, and Josh Billings are said each to have ordered artist's proofs of Huntingdon's "Republican Court," now on exhibition at Seitz's Fine Art Gallery, 625 Broadway.

Mrs. M. A. Hilliard (recently described in one of the learned dailies as "née Mr. Edwin James") is now in Florence, where she proposes to pass the winter. The HOME JOURNAL expects a night-blooming series of letters from her.

Mr. Frank Chanfrau's success at the Broadway Theatre is such that he will remain there to the end of the season. "Sam," if it is ever withdrawn, will be followed by another of De Walden's comicalities, now in preparation.

The theologians in England are quarrelling about the cattle disease. All the sects want to make religious capital out of it, but neither of them seems to succeed. A nice distinction is made between two of the disputants, one of whom sees the "finger of God" in the epidemic, and the other the "hand of Providence." Meanwhile, sensible and truly reverent people attribute it to pure physical causes, and acquit the Supreme Power of having anything to do with it. This was the favorite view of Lord Palmerston.

The N. Y. HERALD is said to have engaged a new corps of foreign correspondents who are to reside in Brooklyn, and have the European papers sent to them from the office. Most of the Washington correspondents will continue to reside in New York, and prepare their dispatches in Nassau St., as usual.

It is rumored that our Minister's chair at the Court of St. James is about to be supplied with what is called in Yankee land a "Cushing."

(*From Chambers' Journal.*)

AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

One of the saddest things, short of Death, that is to be seen in civilized life, is the departure of a sick man for a far country in the pursuit, not of health, but of the prolongation of existence, to be henceforth passed away from home and friends, and all that—to one who is whole—seems really worth the living for. When we bid him good-bye, it is only a little less bitter than the parting at the grave's mouth; we shall have a letter or two from him, but we shall never hear his voice again; and even his letters will probably be very sad ones, taking a doomed man's view of all that he sees in that new land in which he is so unwilling a sojourner. How different are these *Letters from Egypt*,* now lying before us, although written under somewhat similar circumstances, from any such morbid communications. The writer is not indeed suffering from any mortal malady, but she is a lady, brought up probably in comfort and affluence, and certainly accustomed to good and cultivated society, whose delicacy of health is such that she has had to leave "husband, and children, and friends"—the three greatest blessings of life, according to the poet—and take up her residence in a distant, and, what we are most of us apt to imagine, a barbarous country—the Land of Egypt. She has lived there, not for a few weeks, but for years, and not at hotels in Alexandria and Cairo only, or as a tourist who "does" the "Pyramids and the Cataracts," but in the heart of the country, among the common "fellahs"—the genuine country-folks. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and Lady Duff Gordon's ailments have led to our getting one of the pleasantest books of travel in the world. Let us hope, too, that the benefit will not be all upon our side. From Girgeh—just at the junction of Upper and Lower Egypt—she writes: "I am wonderfully better: the fine air of Nubia seemed to suit me as well as that of Caledon. It has the same merits and the same drawback of violent winds. Fancy that meat kept ten and fourteen days, under a sun before which even I was forced to cover my head! In Cairo, you must cook your meat in two days, and in Alexandria as soon as it is killed—and the sun is nothing there. Yet in Nubia I walked till I wore out my shoes, and roasted my feet, and was as dry as a chip." But it is surprising how little in all these fifty-five letters of our author's the mere Self appears. On the contrary, a more healthy view of human life than hers has seldom been taken; and she "goes in for" everything.

"I have eaten many strange things with strange people in strange places; dined with a respectable Nubian family (the castor-oil *was* trying); been to a Nubian wedding (such a dance I saw!); and made friends with a man much looked up to in his place—Kalabaheh—inasmuch as he had killed several intrusive tax-gatherers and recruiting-officers. He was very gentlemanly and kind." And again: "At Kóm Omboo we met with a Rifáee darweesh, with his basket of tame snakes. After a little talk, he proposed to initiate me; and so we sat down and held hands like people marrying. Omar sat behind me and repeated the words as my "wakeel." Then the Rifáee twisted a cobra round our joined hands, and requested me to spit on it; he did the same, and I was pronounced safe, and enveloped in snakes. My sailors groaned, and Omar shuddered as the snakes put out their tongues; the darweesh and I smiled at each other like Roman augurs." But, after all, these were even recreations of an exceptional character. The interest of the book does not depend at all upon out-of-the-way incidents, but lies in its faithful description of Egyptian country-life, religion, and morals, of course made infinitely more agreeable by being presented to us through the medium of a person of thought and reading. The old story of "eyes and no eyes" is peculiarly applicable to Egypt, for in nine people out of the ten of our own acquaintance who have been "up the Nile," the "Cataracts," seem to have had the ophthalmic effect produced by their namesakes; they have seen nothing, except the Pyramids. Now, Lady Duff Gordon saw everything, and reflected upon what she saw. She compares Egypt to a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over that. In the towns, the Koran is most visible; in the country, Herodotus. In Cairo, again, one is more reminded of the *Arabian Nights*. "I knew that Christian dyer who lives opposite to me, and is always wrangling, from my infancy; and my delightful servant, Omar Abu-l-Haláweh (the Father of Sweets), is the type of all the amiable *jeunes premiers* of the stories. I am privately of opinion that he is Bedr-ed-Deen Hasan—the more as he can make cream-tarts, and there was no pepper in them. Cream-tarts are not so good, but lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts fulfils all the dreams of excellence—and dates, and Nile-water! They are excellent, indeed, especially together, like olives and wine."

Turks (although she does not love Turks) and Egyptians, infidels and heretics, with all their ways, seem to come quite familiar to our author; but the "somewhere" where we all "stop" is with her at the Coptic Christians. She is charitable as usual, even with them, but they astonish her with their wonderful ceremonies. "I believe," says she, "they celebrate the ancient mysteries still. The clashing of cymbals, the chanting or humming, unlike any sound I ever heard, the strange yellow copes covered with stranger devices—it was *wunderlich*." She has the good fortune to be present at some unintelligible religious rite of these odd people subsequent to baptism. "A priest, dressed in the usual black robe and turban of all Copts, carrying a trident-shaped sort of candlestick, another with cymbals, a number of little boys, and two young ecclesiastics of some sort in yellow satin copes—each of these carried a little baby and a huge wax-taper. They marched round and round three times, beating the cymbals furiously, and chanting a jig-tune; the dear little tiny boys marched just before the priest, with a pretty little solemn consequential air." Lady Gordon—who should be "a special correspondent, by the by—had her shoes off in a moment, and was a witness of all that took place, an old man having made her a party to the proceedings by giving her a little round cake of bread with a cabalistic pattern upon it. The priest untied a broad colored tape, which was round each of the babies, reciting something in Coptic all the time, and finally touched their foreheads and hands with water. "A group of closely-veiled women stood on one side of the aisle, and among them the mothers of the babies, who received them from the men in yellow copes at the end of the ceremony. One of these young men was very handsome, and as he stood looking down and smiling on the baby he held, with the light of the torch sharpening the lines of his features, he would have made a lovely picture. The expression was sweeter than that of St. Vincent de Paul, because his smile told that he could have played with the baby as well as prayed for it. In this country, one gets to see how much more beautiful a perfectly natural expression is than even the finest mystical expression given by painters; and it is so refreshing that no one tries to look pious. The Muslim looks serious, and often warlike, as he stands at prayer. The Christian just keeps his everyday face. When the Muslim gets into a state of devotional frenzy, he is too much in earnest to think of making a face; it is quite tremendous. I don't think the Copt has any such ardors. But the scene of this morning was all the more touching, that no one was "behaving him or herself" at all. A little acolyte peeped into the sacramental cup, and swigged off the drop left in it with the most innocent air, and no one rebuked him, and the quiet little children ran about in the sanctuary. Up to seven, they are privileged; only they and the priests and acolytes enter it. It is a pretty commentary on the words, 'Suffer little children,' &c."

But it is when she has left Cairo and its semi-civilized ways behind her, and is on board her Nile-boat, "mistress over a captain, a steersman, eight men, and a cabin-boy," all for twenty-five pounds a month, that our author exhibits her individuality; and we feel assured that she will not drag us from church to church, and from ceremony to ceremony, as other writers of travel are wont to do. The details of her river-voyage are charming; and when she gets fairly settled at El Uksor (deep in Upper Egypt), in her humble home among the peasantry, ministering to the sick, bowed down by dysentery in spite of themselves and Ramadan (for to fast was to die), and living down all Muslim prejudice and fanaticism by her kindly bearing and good deeds, the book grows charming indeed.

Everything has an old-world look to her, and realizes that of which we have all read so much—namely, Biblical Life. "It is impossible to say how exactly like the early parts of the Bible every act of life is here; and how totally new it seems when one reads it on the spot here. Old Jacob's speech to Pharoah really made me laugh (don't be shocked), because it is so exactly like what a fellah says to a pasha: 'Few and evil have been my days," &c. (Jacob being a most prosperous man); but it is manners to say all that. I feel quite kindly now towards Jacob, whom I used to think ungrateful and discontented. And when I go to Seedee Omar's farm, does he not say: 'Take now fine meal, and bake cakes quickly,' and want to kill a kid? Fateereh, with plenty of butter, is what the 'three men' who came to Abraham ate; and the way in which Abraham's chief memlook, acting as wekeel, manages Isaac's marriage with Re-

* *Letters from Egypt*. By Lady Duff Gordon. London: Macmillan

becca, is precisely what a man in his position would now. All the vulgarized associations with Puritanism, and abominable little 'Scripture tales and pictures,' peel off here, and the inimitably truthful representation of life and character comes out; as, for example, Joseph's tears, and his love for the brother *born of the same mother*, which are perfectly lifelike. Leviticus and Deuteronomy are very heathenish, compared to the law of the Koran, or to the early days of Abraham."

Our author goes to the farms to drink new milk and see the preparations for harvest—the baking bread, and the selecting a young bull to be killed for the reapers—all just like the Bible. She describes the lithe brown reapers, and the pretty little naked boys helping and hanging on the stately bulls at the thrashing-floors. She has an acquaintance, known to his people as Abd-er-Rahman, but whom she cannot dissever from one Boaz in the story of Ruth. And yet both the Christianity and Islam of the country are full of the practices and superstitions of the old worship: "The sacred animals have all taken service with Muslim saints: at Minyeh, one of the latter reigns over crocodiles. I saw the hole of Esculapius's serpent at Gebel Sheykh Haradee; and I fed the birds who used to tear the cordage of the boats that refused to feed them, and who are now the servants of Sheykh Nooneh, and still come on board by scores for the bread which no Reyyis dares to refuse them. Bubastis has not lost her influence, and cats are as sacred as ever." The only thing that is not old in Egypt, according to our author, are its women. She is exceedingly indignant at the general opinion that they do not "last;" or that they are not lovely, and wishes again and again for a photographer to transfer their magnificent figures to *cartes de visite*. The much-talked of dirt, too, it seems, is a mere European scandal: Arabs are never dirty—but only a little dusty. You must not think of negroes when you call them Blacks, either, they are "elegantly shaped, and all, in manners, gentlemen." The morality of the people, too, is something very different from what is commonly believed. "I have learned a great deal that is curious," says our author, "from the confidences of Omar" (her Arab servant). "He tells me his domestic affairs, and talks about the women of his family, which he would not do to a man. He refused to speak to his brother, a very grand dragoman who was with the Prince of Wales. This man came up to us in the hotel at Cairo and addressed Omar, who turned his back on him. I asked the reason, and Omar told me how his brother had a wife, "an old wife—been with him a long time, very good wife." She had had three children, all dead. All at once the dragoman, who is much older than Omar, declared he would divorce her and marry a young woman. Omar said: "No, don't do that; keep her in your house as head of your household, and take one of your two black slave-girls as your hareem;" but the other insisted, and married a young Turkish wife; whereupon Omar took his poor old sister-in-law to live with him and his own young wife, and cut his grand brother dead.

"See how characteristic! the urging his brother to take the young slave-girl 'as his hareem,' like a respectable man—that would have been all right; but what he did was 'not good' 'I'll trouble you' (as Mrs.—— used to say) to settle these questions to every one's satisfaction."

Lady Duff Gordon is bold enough to confess that there are many things about "hareem" in Egypt extremely good and rational. "I heard from an ear-witness a conversation which passed between an old Turk of Cairo and a young Englishman, who politely chaffed him about Muslim licence. Upon this the venerable Turk, who had been in Europe, asked some questions as to the nature and number of the Englishman's relations to women, which the latter was wholly unable to answer.

"Well, young man," said the Turk, "I am old, and was married at twelve; and I have *seen*, in all my life, seven women; four are dead, and three are happy and comfortable in my house. *Where are all yours?*"

It is certainly not to be supposed that polygamy is in all cases a source of selfish gratification. Hasan, "a very respectable good Arab," and an old friend of Lady Duff Gordon's, marries a new wife. "I asked what for?" It was the widow of his brother, who had always lived in the same house with him, like one family, and who died leaving two boys. "She is neither young nor handsome, but he considered it his duty to provide for her and the children, and not let her marry a stranger. So you see that polygamy is not always sensual indulgence; and a man may thus practice greater self-sacrifice than by talking sentiment about deceased wives' sisters. I said, laughing, to Omar, as we went on, that I did not think the two wives sounded very comfortable. 'O no? not comfortable at all for the man, but he take care of the woman; that is what is proper. That is the good Muslim.'" Again, a man married at Alexandria, not even upon that social *minimum* of three hundred a year. He took home the daily provisions for the first week, but afterwards for two days neglected to do so, and only returned with a lemon in his hand. 'He asked for some dinner, and his wife placed the stool, and the tray, and the washing-basin, and napkin, and the lemon cut in half. 'Well, and the dinner?'

"'Dinner—you want dinner—where from? What sort of man are you to want women, when you don't keep them! I am going to the Kadee to be divorced from you;' and she did. If the woman has money, or earns any, she spends it in dress; and if she makes her lord and master a skull-cap or a handkerchief, he must pay for her work.

It is quite possible that where Lady Duff Gordon succeeded in overcoming fanaticism, and making herself dear to the Arab, other Europeans in the like position might fail; but even learned and pious Muslims grew complacent and charitable with her. They even pressed her to visit the tombs of Muslim saints, for the benefit of her health, as though she had been a True Believer. "I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yoosuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshipped God, and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere."

Again: "I apologized to him two days ago for inadvertently answering the 'Salám Aleykum,' which he of course said to Omar on coming in, and which is sacred to Muslims. Yoosuf blushed crimson, touched my hand, and kissed his own, and looked quite unhappy." These charitable folks, too, unlike our own pious people, are not invariably cross during their fasting periods. "We are in Ramadan now, and Omar really enjoys a good opportunity of 'making his soul.' He fasts and washes rigorously, prays his five times a day, goes to Mosque on Fridays, and is quite merry over it, and ready to cook infidels' dinners with exemplary good-humor. It is a great merit in Muslims that they are not at all grumpy over their piety." However, Omar's case was a little exceptional, for our author afterwards confesses: "This Ramadan is a dreadful business; everybody is cross or lazy—and no wonder." Everybody, too, is openly glad when it is over. They fire guns, and beat drums, and all the children halloo: *Ramadan mat* (Ramadan is dead) about the streets. The points of similarity between Arab and European are, however, much less numerous than those of contrast. We wonder how the upholsterers of Tottenham Court Road would like to sell carpets in this manner, as happened to our author at Cairo: "I saw an old broker with a carpet on his shoulder in the Hamzawee bazaar, and asked the price. Eight napoleons. Then it was unfolded, and spread in the street, to the great inconvenience of passers-by, just in front of a coffee-shop. I look at it superciliously, and say: 'Three hundred piastres; O uncle!' The poor old broker cries out in despair to the gentleman sitting outside the coffee-shop: 'O Muslims, hear that, and look at this excellent carpet! Three hundred piastres! by the faith, it is worth two thousand!' But the gentlemen take my part, and one mildly says: 'I wonder that an old man as thou art should tell us that the lady, who is a traveller and a person of experience, values it at three hundred. Thinkest thou we will give thee more?' Then another suggests that 'if the lady will consent to give four napoleons, he had better take them;' and that settles it. Everybody gives an opinion here, and the price is fixed by a sort of improvised jury."

Such carefulness for the affairs of others is, we fear, very rare in Christian England, and still rarer is such sympathy for others as this which follows: "A poor neighbor of mine lost his little boy yesterday, and came out into the street, as usual, for sympathy. He stood under my window, leaning his head against the wall, and sobbing and crying till literally his tears wetted the dust. He was too much grieved to tear off his turban or to lament in form, but clapped his hands and cried: 'O my boy! O my boy!' The bean-seller opposite shut his shop; the dyer took no notice, but smoked his pipe. Some people passed on, but many stopped and stood round the poor man, saying nothing, but looking concerned. Two were well-dressed Copts on handsome donkeys, who dismounted, and all waited till he went home, when about twenty men accompanied him with a respectful air. How strange it seems to us to go out into the street, and call on the passers-by to grieve with one!" Nevertheless, such conduct is not to be wondered at, if sermons like those of Sheykh Yoosuf are listened to, one of which has been kindly transcribed for us by our author, after the manner of the *Penny Pulpit*. "*Cease, then, to cheat one another, O men!* and to be greedy; and do not think that you can make amends by afterwards giving alms, or praying, or fasting or giving gifts to the servants of the mosques. *Benefits come from God; it is enough for you if you do no injury to any man; and, above all, to any woman or little one!*" If this be Islam, what, then, is Christianity? Either Lady Duff Gordon has "spoilt the Egyptians," in the sense of petting them, and they, in return, have presented themselves to her in such an amiable character as is quite exceptional, or we are really indebted to her for an introduction to an honest, affectionate, and liberal-minded people.

THE QUEENLY POWER OF WOMAN.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid and increase the vigor and honor and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakspeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakspeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in the Two Gentlemen of Verona. In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in King Lear, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly.

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale;—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error:—"Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife?"

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's Tale, and in Cymbeline, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In Measure for Measure, the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In Coriolanus, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakspeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakspeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value; and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness, and in the whole range of these there are but three men who reach the heroic type—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse: of these, one is a border farmer; another a freebooter; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated or mistakenly applied intellectual power; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of men. Whereas in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lilias Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice: a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakspeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over, or educates his mistress.

Next take, though more briefly, graver and

deeper testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady, a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human; and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease: besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honor and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

For lo! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honor thee:
And so I do; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

Without almost, I am all rapturous,
Since thus my will was set
To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence:
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
A pain or regret,
But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense.
Considering that from thee all virtues spread
As from a fountain head,—
THAT IN THY GIFT IS WISDOM'S BEST AVAIL,
AND HONOR WITHOUT FAIL;
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

Lady, since I conceived
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,
MY LIFE HAS BEEN APART
IN SHINING BRIGHTNESS AND THE PLACE OF TRUTH;
Which till that time, good sooth,
Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,
Where many hours and days
It hardly ever had remembered good.
But now my servitude
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.

You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His own spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakspeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra: the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea; the ever-patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister, and daughter, in Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Law-giver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle: and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent as you see it is on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle; for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible; but this, their ideal of women, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think, for herself. The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? Are Shakspeare and Æschylus, Dante, and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households, and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient*—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject; receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonor of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honorable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honorable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it *is* impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been, and to your feeling of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

"Ah wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price—
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His in-

tellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—*La donna è mobile*, not *Qual piùm' al vento;* no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;" but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

The KANSAS CHIEF says that by looking at the waters of the Missouri we can see miles o' riley.

NEIGHBOR BEN ADAMS.

AN ORIGINAL IMITATION.

Neighbor Ben Adams (may his shadow grow!)
Awoke, one night, not many weeks ago,
And saw within his little shanty's room,
Making a twinkle in the midnight gloom,
A fellow with a lantern in his hand.
Exceeding drink Ben Adams' slumber fanned;
But when he got awake, he thus spoke out:
"Hullo, old fellow! what'n-thunder, ye 'bout?"
The loafer turned the lantern toward the bed,
And, in a voice not very mellow, said:
"Shut up your tater-trap, you sleepy nincom!
I'm writing them as pays the biggest income."
"And ain't I one?" said Ben, by way of joke;
"Not by a jug-full," then the stranger spoke.
"Well, then," said Adams, with a simple smile,
"Write me down one of them as deals in ile."
The loafer up and missled, and, next night,
He came again with the same streak of light,
And showed the names of wealthy citizens;
And lo! the first upon the list was Ben's!

J. F. K.

(*From Chambers' Journal.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE NOT ALWAYS HIS CASTLE.

When we first took possession of No. 2 Albert Villas, what a delightful prospect lay before us! Agreeably situated, not quite out of town, and yet not in it; away from the smoke and din, in a pleasant little world of our own; with fresh air for the children, and delightful walks into the now easily attainable country; what could have been better? So very convenient, too, it was to find that every requisite of domestic economy would be brought to the door by the kind-hearted venders! I did not think that remark of mine called forth any ecstasy from the household authorities, which at the time rather surprised me; but, in the emphatic words of the Artful Dodger, I was "so jolly green, you know." Beautiful in its neatness and simplicity, and in the quietness and repose which would be obtainable there after the worry of business, I was about to enjoy,—after office-hours, of course—a veritable retreat.

During the first fortnight, indeed, whenever I happened to be at home, I was disturbed by the incessant ringing of the door-bell, but I concluded that probably my family had not quite "settled down," as the phrase is: there were little matters connected with the furnishing department, perhaps, not finally arranged. By and by, there would be peace. "By and by!" I look back upon myself, indulging as I was in a hope so forlorn, with sardonic enjoyment. My little boy once asked me anxiously, on the occasion of my putting off some juvenile desire with the above idiom: "When *is* by and by?"

As the weeks rolled on, I felt disposed to ask the same question with respect to the cessation of that horrible bell. First, there was the roll-boy, whom I didn't mind; then a dozen or so of fish-venders, with each of whom there ensued an irritating wrangle before he could be induced to believe himself declined with thanks. Then the vegetable carriers and small fruit-merchants, varied by an occasional wretched old man, who required of us that we should buy bad cakes of him at double the price of good ones, because he was old! I should have thought that one reason why he ought to have done with such mercenary tricks. Then came irritating imps who would not believe that we were supplied with "family bread," best salt, flowers a-growin' and a-blowin'—which, by the way, were no more growing or going to grow than I was, having been stuck in for the occasion. As to itinerant merchants of all denominations, they were endless, and the worst of it was that the march of civilisation and refinement having reached them, they no longer simply brought their wares and offered them; that is too old a dodge. No, they left polite notes in elaborate envelopes, for which—"with your esteemed order"—they would call again in the space of an hour. You might issue a general order that nothing be bought from these wandering Jews, but you can't tell your servants to take in no notes. Then there were the callers who wanted to know the way to Victoria Place, or Napoleon Buildings; or to ask if Mr. John Smith lived here, and if he didn't, where did he live? And if I didn't know anything about Mr. John Smith, could I direct them to some one who did? But of all worries that pluck a sensitive man's nerves to pieces, the worst is beggars!

For whole nights together I have been haunted by dismal cries and distorted faces, which were in reality only want travestied. Poverty exists, I know, but not amongst street-beggars. If you would see poverty, you must go into the wretched homes of those who work night and day to keep life and soul together, but who never think of tramping the streets for the daylight to shine upon their rags. Have you got a suburban villa, my friend, and what do you think of the beggars? Do you know the decayed opera-singer, who imitates stage-tricks for you, and represents piety? I am sorry to tell you that, as I came round by the corner gin-palace, near Victoria Place, one evening, I saw a mass of something in the gutter. I touched it with my cane; it rolled up hideous eyes at me; it opened a cavernous mouth, from which there issued thickly sounds like this: "Go to er devil an lerrem alone." That mass was the decayed opera-singer; and the next day she was calling down blessings upon the head of any deluded victim who might chance to fling her a half-penny. But even she is not the most irritating of her tribe.

I remember one impudent young vagabond, who, when the door was closed in his face, as a mild hint that he did not receive, would lie down with his mouth to the crack, and howl out his requirements for hours, in defiance of comers and goers. Then the number of decent miners, and respectable but oppressed weavers, whom it has fallen to my lot to encourage! Sometimes they have mutilated limbs and large families, both of which they insist upon displaying; and sometimes a gentleman of this description, having failed to hire a family, comes to the door alone—and sings! Does any one understand the force of those two words, as applied to a destitute miner or weaver?—he sings! I declare it is enough to make one envy the sleep of the marvellous Seven.

I come now to a style of beggar from whom I do constantly suffer loss. This is a widow, neat and clean, but hopeless. She is not noisy, though she sings. She does not ask for

anything, but walks down the street dejectedly, rolling her eyes from side to side, and at about every third step, giving vent to a prolonged note of a ditty, which I conclude is original, since I never heard anything at all like it. That spotless white kerchief, and the checked linsey apron, so exquisitely clean and comfortable-looking! Might not such a lap have nursed your infant limbs? Draw an imaginary picture of her desolate condition; think of her praiseworthy neatness in extreme poverty, and of the fact that even now she does not beg, but offers musical sounds for sale, and you are lost. *I* am, at least; for I confess that widows are a great stumbling-block to me. Thrice I have paid the fare of a neatly-got-up old lady, with a little basket in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, in order that she may go and see her only son, who is dying. When I hear a gurgling in her throat on that last word, and see the handkerchief in motion, I know all about it, and she knows I know all about it; but yet, I can't help myself in the face of a widow's cap.

It is different in the case of a gentleman, who, with his family before him, informs the public in a voice which I can still hear, but cannot describe, that he has lost his eyesight; "which, my friends, you may lose yours at henny time, which, therefore, I hask you how you should like it, and which I have no money, and my pore children [hired for the day] cry to me for bread [whereupon the said infants set up a dismal howl]; and I hask you to relieve them, which, if you will not, is your own fault and wickedness, and I do not care, but you will some day." During which propitiatory address, the dismal infants worry all the door-bells they can reach, and when there is one too high for them, they howl at a chance passenger to worry it for them. And I stop my ears, and cry out that I won't bear it; I'll cut the tongue of that bell out. An ingenious young friend of mine once succeeded in hampering it; but after that, kind-hearted mechanics were perpetually sending up to know if they might mend the door-bell; besides which the hammering of the knocker was very little better.

I stay at home one morning for the purpose of transacting some necessary business; and here is the result. I hear the bell, but imagine naturally that there can be nothing to disturb me: I am mistaken. "A note, sir, for you, if you please." I do not please, but that is of no consequence at all. I open the note, which is addressed in a good business-hand to—suppose I say—John Hamilton, Esq. As I am assuming a name, I may as well have a well-sounding one. I find, "To the Holy Land, *via* Italy. Grand Diorama. Herr Gottheimar begs to present Mr. Hamilton with the inclosed ticket for his unrivalled entertainment. The ticket will admit three persons on their paying half-a-crown only; *without* a presentation-ticket, admittance for three would be five shillings."

I have done nothing that I know of to merit such liberality; but it is very touching. There goes the bell again. "For you, sir, with Mr. Drinkwater's compliments." I don't know Mr. Drinkwater, nor why he should send me a book. It is a pretty little book, pink, and is called *A Refreshing Shower*. I don't see what one wants with such a thing indoors myself; but let us examine. It is the history of the conversion, by the Water-cart Temperance Society, of a very ugly individual whose portrait is inclosed, gratis—as a warning, I should think. Why does the "Water-cart" send me pink books with pictures of ugly sinners and stories of their conversion?

An hour of my precious morning is gone, and there goes the bell again. Once more it is: "A note, if you please, sir." I request the servant very mildly not to irritate me further by saying "if you please," because my pleasure has evidently nothing to do with it. No address on this envelope, only "with Mr. Van Umbug's compliments." Is it a *carte de visite*, and who may Mr. Van Umbug be? It is a card, certainly, but not a portrait. "Mr. Van Umbug presents kind regards, and will feel obliged if Mr. —— will *look out his old clothes, boots*, &c., for which Mr. Van U. will call in, in the space of half an hour. *N.B.*—The highest testimonials can be given." Testimonials of what, I wonder: Mr. Van Umbug's impudence? Was ever "Old Clo" shouted in a more gentlemanly manner? He will call again in half an hour. Of course he will, and ring the bell. There it is! "A person—no, sir, not the gentleman for that note—wishes to see you on business."

"Tell him to go to the office."

"He says he won't keep you a minute, sir, but he would be obliged if," &c., &c.

He comes up, and bows, and says: "You will pardon me, sir; I believe you are the chairman of the —— Institute."

"Never heard of it."

"Indeed! I have been misinformed then. I have heard of you, however, as a patron of learning and genius. I am, in fact, canvassing for names, and have called to ask for yours, sir."

I looked at him; his hands were dirty, and an odor of stale tobacco reached me.

"Merely for the sake of the autograph, of course?"

"Why, no, sir; that is, not exactly. We are about to bring out a new and splendid edition of the Bible."

"I have got a Bible," I said grimly.

"But, excuse me, you might like"——

"Not on any account, thank you. Good morning."

After he had left me, I sat disfiguring my note-paper with various triangular devices, and thinking. I took counsel with my household fairies, and for many reasons we determined to relinquish the conveniences of Albert Villa, and to go further into the country. The legitimate quarter's notice was given, and 2 Albert Villas was to be let. I write of it calmly, as I have written of other circumstances under which my house was very far indeed from realizing the received idea of an Englishman's castle. I had yet to learn that my previous experience was quietness compared with what might be. Morning, noon, and night there was no peace. If I chanced to move from one room to another, I stumbled upon some party in the state of being "shown over the house." My privacy, or the privacy of any individual of my family, became a mere joke.

Was all the world unhoused and mad for Albert Villa? How on earth did the people get to know about it, and what *did* they want? I began to keep dreary count of the enemies who took my castle by storm; but after a time I gave that up, the headwork was too much. Were they idle people who liked the fun, or is there some unnamed mania for house-hunting. Why *did* they come? It is my firm conviction that not one of those who thronged to inspect every nook and corner of Albert Villa had the least idea of taking it. I believe that they made up parties to look at it; and certainly it was instituted as a place of rendezvous in the coolest manner by two young ladies who came alone, and were very timid. Everything was "very nice," and "would do admirably," no doubt, but they were distracted by an *arrière pensée*. It came out at last. Their compliments to the lady of the house, and would she permit them to wait half an hour in the drawing-room, as a young gentleman had promised to meet them at Albert Villa? Very pretty! a love appointment, probably clandestine, in my drawing-room!

Of course, they had the drawing-room to wait in, and of course, when the young gentleman made his appearance, no one disturbed the interesting trio. That room, then, being in a state of siege, or rather given up to the enemy, another exploring-party arrived, as I knew from certain sounds outside my door. Presently it opened, and a head appeared.

"Please, sir, a gentleman wants to see the study."

"Tell him I am engaged."

Exit head, to re-appear in the twinkling of an eye: "Please, sir, the gentleman wants to know *when* it would be convenient to you, as he couldn't think of taking a house without seeing the study."

"Oh, if he is to come again, let him in now, that it may be done with."

Enter gentleman, with his hat on. I go on writing with calm politeness. Gentleman screws a glass in his eye, looks at the table and under it, feels the legs as though they had been the legs of a horse, then pokes his stick in amongst the book-shelves, at which I look up.

"Ar—thought they might be false books, you know," says gentleman. He looks round again: "Ar—small, *very!*" Saunters to the window: "Ar—stabling—ar—out there?

"Yes."

"Small, too, very—confined, wretchedly Ar—won't be the thing for my carriage-horses—ar."

Presently, with an "Ar—morning," he takes himself off, muttering that "Mrs.—ar—Something (I couldn't catch the name) should come and look at it."

I have seen a lady go into a shop and look over all the articles the unlucky assistant pulls down for her, after which she says: "Thank you; I'll call again, by and by." I know what that means; consequently, I quite understood what any gentleman or lady meant by telling me Mr. or Mrs. Somebody should come and look at Albert Villa; it only proved that he or she wanted nothing with it, and had only been having a little amusement. The night after this gentleman's visit, a furious knocking and ringing woke me out of my first sleep, and I hastened to hold cautious parley with the besiegers through the lobby-window.

"Who's there?"

"Oh, we heard that this house was to be let; but if the family's gone to bed, it doesn't matter, we can come again."

"Can you? That's very kind of you, I'm sure," I responded, fastening the window rather noisily.

As after this I no longer considered any enormity impossible, I was more exasperated than surprised when, in the middle of the second lesson one Sunday, I heard a heavy breathing behind our pew, and the voice of our only male domestic, a boy, not in buttons, wheezed out: "Please, sir, cook knows the rent, but she can't tell 'em what the taxes is, and could you come?"

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NEW STORY BY MISS PRESCOTT.

Next week we shall have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a new story written for the Saturday Press by Miss Harriet M. Prescott, the most brilliant writer of fiction in this country.

News agents will please send in their extra-orders as early as Tuesday.

NOTICE.

We are obliged to omit several theatrical and other advertisements this week, in consequence of their not having been received in time.

It is impracticable, with our present edition, for us to go to press so late in the day as the other Saturday papers, and our advertising friends will oblige us, therefore, by never being later than 10 o'clock on Friday morning. Theatrical advertisements, especially, should be at the office as early as possible.

RETURN OF THE BRITISH CAPITALISTS.

Messrs. Peto, McHenry & Co., the London capitalists and railroad speculators, have at last left us, and are on their way home. They sailed from this port on Wednesday in the Scotia, saying, as they went, that it was the best port they had seen since they were in Lisbon. They were in this fine complimentary vein all the time they were here. They patted the Alleghanies on the head, approved of Niagara, purchased Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains, praised our rivers, railroads and restaurants, and gave the country a general certificate of good character. At the great parting banquet which they gave at Delmonico's, they promised to speak well of us everywhere, when they got back, and to urge everybody (if we wouldn't publish the names) to take stock in us.

All this is splendid. It makes one feel that, at last, the country is safe.

True, we got through the war without foreign help, but then prosperity is so much more dangerous than adversity! Now that the war is over, and the smile of plenty lights up the land, a word or two of foreign advice may serve to temper our enthusiasm, and keep us in the right way. Moreover, it is always so pleasant to be spoken well of, especially by the high and mighty!

The orchestras in town are all on the strike, like so many musical clocks with their works out of order. Some of the craft—the drummers for instance—declare their intention to keep on striking all their lives, while the trumpeters declare that sooner than give in they will blow their brains out. The fiddlers say things equally extravagant, but they are used to drawing a long bow, and moreover always like a scrape. The bass-viol people say bass is the slave that plays on the viol, or anything else, when he can help it. Maretzek says they are all a set of rebels, and ought to be tried by a drum-head court-martial. Stuart says they ought to be passed over to Leutz and soft Recorders (all but the soft), and Wood says he don't care what becomes of them, as his "Sam" goes just as well without music as with it. The only persons likely to make any thing out of the affair are the managers (who have been in great luck since they threw the dirty Herald overboard), and the Steinways, who seem really to have discovered the way to wealth.

The story about Gottschalk's running away from California on account of an intrigue with some boarding-school miss, is a pure invention of the San Francisco news-mongers. There is a class of papers there, as here, which depend for existence upon getting up scandals of this sort, and it is high time they were passed over to the police. The system was inaugurated in America by the New York Herald, but is practiced chiefly, now, by the sensation weeklies. The great shame in the matter is that these papers are taken and advertised in, to some extent, by decent people, who thus invite attacks upon their own families, and offer a premium on the lowest form of scurrility tolerated in the civilized world.

Mr. Mahoney, head-centre, or central-head, or whatever-of the Fenians in this country, is reported to have said the other day, "I think the American people can take good care of America without my interference." Now if all the Fenians would come to this opinion, and act on it—especially in our large cities—our people could afford to subscribe to the entire Fenian loan, and, in addition, pay for the transportation of the whole Fenian brotherhood to the shores of their beloved Erin. New Yorkers would take half the loan on these terms, gentlemen, and thank you too.

John Mitchell has been set at liberty on condition that he will restrict his presence to the State of Virginia. What grudge President Johnson has against Virginia is not stated. Mitchell's friends are looking anxiously, now, for his views on the Fortress Monroe Doctrine.

We are authorized to state that Mr. Edwin Booth will positively appear at the Winter Garden in course of the coming season. The time is not yet fixed, but will probably be early in December.

The orchestra people in the city are so disgusted with the result of their late movement that they propose to move to some other locality. We beg to suggest Striker's Bay.

A wag out West describes "working for bare life" as making clothes for a new baby.

For the operatic and theatrical doings in Milwaukee, Peoria, Kennebunk, Kalamazo, Salt Lake City, Iowa, Block Island, Ann Arbor, Salt River, and other important places, see the daily report in the Herald. The enterprise of Mr. Bennett in thus furnishing the latest intelligence from these "head centres" of musical and dramatic art is above all praise.

In reply to countless inquiries, we take pleasure in stating that the health of George Arnold is steadily improving. It will be some weeks, probably, before he resumes his pen, but of his complete recovery there is now no question. He will remain for the present at Strawberry Farms.

Algerian Toast.—Many happy returns of the Dey.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

It is fortunate, Sir, that I am not an English Capitalist. If I were, it would suit my purpose to take a few newspaper-writers up to Delmonico's, and give myself a final supper as a mark of respect. It seems to me that I could address a few parting remarks to myself, perhaps discuss the broad and genial topic of the Feuilleton, and prevail upon my journalistic friends to help me. But alas! I am not an English Capitalist. Brady is indifferent to my personal appearance. He has even rejected a proposition to exhibit (after having prepared) my full length imperial photograph. Worse than this, there is no benevolent Delmonico in the neighborhood and I have to write the present inadequate—if not positively imbecile—article.

There is to be sure no dearth of matter. People, I am told, are sometimes embarrassed with riches. I never was myself, but it has occurred to me at many periods of my life to be embarrassed with work. At nearly all the theatres, some sort of novelty has been produced. A hasty glance—the confession is embarrassing—will be all that I can effect for you this week.

The greatest novelty was brought out on Wednesday night. It consisted of a strike—a strike of the musicians. It was my happiness to visit all the theatres on that evening, and although greatly exhausted by the effort, I succeeded in finally reaching my house. An escape so remarkable can only be attributed to the absence of the so-called orchestras at these places. Barnum's band will throw any horse on Broadway, and the fiddlers at our best theatres have not always contributed to the agreeability of the evening's amusement.

The Row

has been breeding for some months. The fiddlers last season combined themselves into a society for mutual protection and the cultivation of high art. These principles were temporarily secured, it seems, by a trifling increase of salary. Instead of nine dollars—a sum much too small even for esthetics—the fiddlers obtained twelve. Elated with the morality of their mission, they instantly conceived the grand benevolent project of asking two dollars more. I rejoice to add that they got it. Fourteen dollars, after all, is not an overwhelming income, and fiddlers, like bricklayers and other laborers, have to learn their

business. Well, the managers were content to pay fourteen dollars, and to maintain full orchestras. They did so until Wednesday last, when the malcontents struck for an advance of six dollars per week; that is to say, from fourteen to twenty dollars. The "lofty philanthropy" of the movement completely staggered the managers. They have not yet got over it, and, indeed, refuse to be comforted! The condition known as a "deadlock" now prevails. They are indignant at a Combination (with a big C, if you please,) against their interests, and the fiddlers are outraged at a combination amongst the managers. Nothing can be better for the mice than belling the cat, but it is a ghastly and fearful thing when the cat turns round and gobbles up the mice. One poor little mouse (he plays the trombone) assures me that he has never known anything so infamous; and the big drum at my favorite theatre stalks moodily through the city, seeking *what* he may devour.

For the moment, then, the theatres are without orchestras. The autocrat STEINWAY has seized the reins of government and holds the public ear and voice by the power of his grand pianos. The Rev. Dr. Liszt—the reader will remember—has written a musical work on the subject of "Mazeppa," which work it will be my privilege to discuss next week—but that worthy clergyman can have had no idea of Barnum's "Mazeppa" and the "Symphonische Dichtung" will I fear suffer in consequence. I cannot conceive anything grander than the outcry of the fiery untamed steed to the unusual but graceful chord of C, performed, not without hesitation, to the grand piano.

If I fail to approach this subject with becoming gravity, it is because the whole thing strikes me as being absurd. The managers require the fiddlers, and the fiddlers can't get on without the managers, yet we find these two classes deliberately arraying themselves against each other, and nursing their hostility to the point of absolute rupture. The demands of the musicians are preposterous; they are submitted at the wrong time, and in a manner that should forbid their consideration; but it is equally preposterous for the managers to say that they will not pay more than fourteen dollars a week. I am of opinion, indeed, that every fiddler is worth twenty dollars a week to the meanest management, but if he engages for fourteen he should be content with that sum. To demand an advance of forty per cent in the midst of the season is unjust, and by its extravagance ridiculous. The fiddlers would do well to reconsider their determination whilst there is yet merit in doing so. Meanwhile, they may depend upon it that the public will give them the cold shoulder.

BROUGHAM.

The Winter Garden was lighted up for a gala occasion on Monday evening. In the first place the management was unusually liberal with its gas. Take this specimen—equal to a general illumination:

WELCOME
TO
JOHN BROUGHAM,

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30,
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM,
(M. Clarke having, in compliment to his many noble qualities of head and heart, ceded to him twelve nights of his engagement) will make
HIS FIRST APPEARANCE,
etc. etc

Think of that! Cheerfulness becomes a religious service under the influence of such dazzling geniality; and then I must say that the brighest, jolliest, kindliest audience I have ever seen was there, wreathing the house with smiles, and waiting like decent creatures and Christians to make that big man on the stage understand that he was remembered with affection. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Brougham's "head and heart," but I am inclined to think that both are in the right place, and I am sure that as mere organs of public opinion they were satisfied. All the other organs of public opinion seem to have been so.

It was in his own five act comedy and speech that Mr. Brougham made his *rentrée*. No one cared a great deal about the former, but the latter filled the house. A few resolute spirits wanted the speech first, but the comedy was given. Before we forget it let us mention that the latter is called "Playing with Fire," and is really an admirable work. After each act Mr. Brougham was called out, and at last acknowledged that he knew what the audience wanted. With an embarrassment that was delightful he proceeded to make a few remarks. No one paid the slightest attention to them, but every one laughed. The fact being that the public only wanted to have Mr. Brougham back in the old place, and doing the old thing.

The Winter Garden management produced the comedy in a very creditable manner. The closed scenes were all good, and the caste may fairly be described as strong. Mr. Brougham sustained the principal *role*—hitherto played here by Mr. Lester Wallack—with great spirit, and with a healthful gentlemanly bearing which cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Dyott was excellent as Uncle Timothy, although we failed to perceive the advantage of thickening his voice to a point which sometimes approached mumbling. Miss Rose Eytinge was a graceful and much wronged Mrs. Waverly, and Mrs. Walcot, Jr., was capital as the doctor's wife. A new polka, by Mr. Brougham, was played on the first night, but the eccentric action of the musicians has rendered its repetition impossible. Let me add, however, that the orchestra of the Winter Garden is now more attractive than ever. It is composed of a solitary member—a lady whose skill as a pianist is only equalled by her grace and presence. Miss Shaw is a relative of Mrs. Hoey, and has inherited the good looks of the family.

THE OPERA.

The new opera of "Crispino e la Comare" will be played to-day at the Matinée. It will then be shelved for a couple of weeks, *why* it would puzzle Mr. Maretzek to explain. There can be no doubt about its success as a production. The melodies, if not very salient, have at least an acceptable form; the combinations are good and dramatic; the story is easily apprehended; and—better than all—the opera fills the house. Yes, even on that wretched Tuesday night it filled the house. To thrust it aside at such a moment seems indiscreet; but there is method in all Mr. Maretzek's madness, and I have no doubt that he will be prevailed upon at the right moment to make a few dollars more out of the Cobbler. Was it not curious, sir, that on Wednesday evening, when that valuable and sterling artist, Signor MAZZOLENI, took his benefit, the house should be comparatively poor;—curious because our friend has had the advantage of the HERALD's support, extended to him in a damaging and aggravating way to be sure, but still bestowed on him in quite respectable hodfulls. It is vexatious to know that notwithstanding all this, the attendance was smaller than on any other night of the season.

Robert le Diable was the attraction last evening, and in our next issue I shall take an opportunity of speaking of the performance. For the moment I have done.

THINGS THAT OUGHT TO BE ATTENDED TO IN THE PRESENT ARTICLE AND ARE NOT.

"Vol-au-Vent" at Niblo's, with Young America; the "Needful," at Wallack's; "Sam," at the Broadway, and the theatres generally. These trifling omissions will be corrected next week.

C. B. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR FRIEND FROM VICTORIA: A Comedy in three Acts, with a Prologue. By C. H Webb. First produced at Wheatleigh's Eureka Theatre, San Francisco, August 15, 1865. With cast of Characters, Stage, Business, Costumes, Relative Positions, etc. 12mo. pp. 57. San Francisco. A. Roman & Co.

WALT WHITMAN'S DRUM TAPS. 12mo. pp. 96. New York, 1865. For sale by Bunce and Huntington.

REBEL BRAG AND BRITISH BLUSTER: A Record of Unfulfilled Prophesies, Baffled Schemes, and Disappointed Hopes, with Echoes of Very Insignificant Thunder. Very pleasant to read and instructive to all who are capable of learning. By Owls Glass. 12mo. pp. 111. New York: The American News Company.

AURORAL FLOYD. By M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc. New edition. 12mo. pp. 372. New York: The American News Company.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLISH.

The Private History of a Polish Insurrection, from Official and Unofficial Sources. By H. Sutherland Edwards, late Special Correspondent of the *Times* in Poland. 2 vols. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Auguste Comte and Positivism. By John Stuart Mill, M. P. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 200. London: Trubner & Co.

Passing the Time: A Story of some Romance and Prose in the Life of Arthur Newlands. By W. Blanchard Jerrold. 2 vols. crown 8vo, pp. 559. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

Sophie Laurie. A Novel by W. C. Hazlitt. 3 vols. London: John Maxwell & Co.

Mozart's Letters. Edited by Dr. Nohl. Translated by Lady Wallace. 1 vol. post 8vo, with portrait and Fac-simile. London: Longman.

Tea: A Poem. By Charles Barwell Coles. Fcp. 8vo London: Longman.

Rhoda Fleming: A Story. By George Meredith, Author of "Evan Harrington." 3 vols. London: Tinsley.

Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," etc. London: Tinsley.

Transylvania, its Products and its People. By Charles Boner. London: Longman.

One Against the World. By the Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," etc. 3 vols. London: Tinsley.

AMERICAN.

The Law of Injunctions. By Francis Hillard, Esq., author of the "Law of Torts," "Law of Mortgages," etc., etc. 1 vol. 8vo. $6.50. Philadelphia: Kay & Co.

The Life of Michael Angelo. By Hermann Grimm. Translated from the German, by Fanny Elizabeth Barrett. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps. 12mo pp. 96. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

Hand-Book of the Steam Engine, by John Bourne, C. E. 12mo pp. 474. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Children in the Wood. Told in Verse. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Printed in oil colors, by J. Bien. With illuminated cover from a design by John A. Hows. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion, by Hon. John P. Kennedy. 16mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Mr. Stuart's Intentions, by Frederic William Robinson, Author of "Slave of the Ring," "A Woman's Ransom," etc. Boston: T. H. O. P. Burnham.

(From Walt Whitman's "Drum-Taps.")

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

I.

O CAPTAIN! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people are exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

II.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

III.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
But the ship, the ship is anchor'd safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

FIGURE-HEADS.

The Chairman of a public dinner is, as the Americans would say, an institution. Under ordinary circumstances he might not be thought an institution worth criticising. But the season for public dinners is coming round and with them a renewal of agony to the victims who have to sit out their weary length. Some employment for the time patriotically sacrificed in this way has become a public necessity. Only persons of an agricultural digestion can spend the whole of that terrible interval in sipping the curious compounds with which Hamburg feeds the middle classes of England. Some intellectual distraction is needed to save feebler livers; and as the speeches at a public dinner, by their intellectual peculiarities, are apt to produce an irritating effect on the coats of the stomach, it is imprudent for the valetudinarian, or even the moderately robust, to listen to them too long. Some subject of meditation during these trying hours is a desideratum. What fitter subject can there be than the Chairman? He may seem insignificant, and possibly dull. Before a quarter of the dinner is over, he has probably made a guy of himself, morally speaking. He has remarked several times, with an emphasis almost implying that there was some novelty in the observation, that "the toast he is going to propose needs no words of his to recommend it." And then he proceeds to illustrate this fact with an abundance of words, forming part of an oration which, though sadly mauled in the delivery, yet bears traces, even in its mutilated fragments, of elaborate preparation. But still, spite of his obvious consciousness that the phrases in which he dwells, in due course (for the fifth year, by particular desire), upon the Queen's domestic sorrow and the perfections of her late lamented Consort, are not quite original, he is yet worth attentive contemplation. He is the result and the symbol of many interesting peculiarities of the English nation. Sermons may be seen in chairmen as well as in stones. You may trace in those weary and half-fuddled lineaments, if you examine them with the generous imagination which by that time has become legitimate, the chief ecclesiastical, political, and social characteristics which make us to differ from the rest of the world.

In the first place, the Chairman represents the curious ritual of a public dinner. Among other nations, whatever their religion, rejoicing at some past event, or joining together for some new undertaking, has always been celebrated by religious observances of some kind. The idea of expressing gratitude to Providence in hiccups, or of boozing over the commencement of a benevolent enterprise, is not entirely confined to Englishmen; but they are almost peculiar in giving expression to their sentiments through that vent alone. The difference is caused by the fact that mankind change their religious opinions, but fortunately exhibit no such fickleness in their taste for a good dinner and strong liquors. On public occasions in former times, certain religious ceremonies came first; and then, as even devout people must sustain nature, a banquet followed in due course. As time rolled on, however, the religious ceremonies were decided to be superstitious, and any substitute for them of a more enlighteded type has apparently been voted dull. Mass is held to be an abomination, and "Dearly beloved" is looked upon as a bore. Mutton, however, and sherry are still orthodox, and the votaries of turtle-soup and champagne are on the increase. So the religious ceremonies have been pruned off, and the public dinner has developed to its present goodly proportions. How and when speechifying came to be added to the legitimate business of eating, is a question for antiquaries to determine. The origin of post-prandial eloquence is lost in the mist of ages. What purpose it was originally meant to serve—whether it was intended as a vent for the freedom of speech which is born of alcohol, or as a soothing digestive to the gorged assemblage—must be equally left to conjecture. Considering the quality of the article, it is difficult to understand what fascinations it can have originally had for people in the condition in which most men, according to their temperaments, are overpowered either by irresistible sleep or by irrepressible loquacity. Now, however, it has all the strength of a deeply-rooted custom; and few are so rebellious as even to dream of a release from its yoke. The day when men will be able to dine in numbers beyond twenty, without some of them having to get on their legs to declare that "this is the proudest moment of their lives," is a day as yet forseen only by a few extravagant believers in the perfectibility of man.

But the Chairman himself, apart from the institution over which he presides, is worth studying, as a type of a remarkable variety of the human species. Chairmen may be divided into two sections—the conscripts and the volunteers. The conscript class of chairmen consists of those misguided persons who hold, or expect to hold, political office. Sitting as chairmen at public dinners does not appear, at first sight, to have any very close connection with their nominal functions. But the public looks upon them as the odd boys of the estab lishment. They are engaged upon the distinct understanding that they are not to say that anything is "not their place." Whether these odd jobs are considered in their wages, it is difficult to say; but it is to be presumed that the thing is made straight to them in some way or other by the promptitude with which they obey. There is no case on record of any public men having refused to perform even the most whimsical commands of their capricious master. No doubt it is as much as their place is worth to betray any discontent. Yet the burden appears to be increasing every year. No sooner has a Minister finished his six months' labors at the business-like oratory required by the House of Commons, than he has to betake himself to another six months of the not less laborious occupation of manufacturing platitudes for post-prandial audiences. It does seem very hard that if the Hospital for Diseases of the Duodenum, or the Society for the Conversion of Quashimaboo, is in want of funds, they should not be content with having for their chairman any one but some hard-worked Minister, who has other things to do besides spending an evening in the distribution of vinous compliments. But such is the stern law of modern popularity hunting. If a minister should refuse to devote himself to singing the praises of every "excellent institution" that demands his services, he loses so much popularity, and his political stock falls in the market accordingly. Even for a Minister of a successful party to keep himself steadily at a premium requires the most indefatigable affability. But theirs is not the hardest case. The truly pitable victims are the leaders of Opposition. Their best friends cannot flatter them by telling them that they are in a hopeful position. During the last twenty years they have held office for about two; and, if appearances may be trusted, they are not likely, during the next twenty years, to enjoy even so long a sojourn as this in the elysium of public men. But they have to work just as hard at after-dinner speeches as if they were sipping the nectar of office all the time. It is a cruel mockery to expect them to do duty as Ministers, on the ground that, in case of a possible disunion among their opponents, they may perhaps be Ministers for a few months again some day. Their case is as hard as that of the donkey who is induced to turn the mill by a whisp of hay held to his nose, which is never given to him after all.

It is pleasant to turn to the happier spectacle of the chairmen who are volunteers. It is a transition from undeserved human suffering to happiness of no inconsiderable amount. The volunteer chairmen are a joyous, jolly race, taking their five hours as if they liked it, and losing no opportunity of repeating the exercise. The first chairmanship of a public dinner is to them what a first book or a first brief is to others. They shine more generally in animal spirits than in intellect; and if eminence is only to be obtained by efforts of memory or displays of reasoning, they well

know that all chance of it is closed to them for ever. But, happily, in this world there are rewards for all kinds of excellence, and joviality of temper and affability of manner have their prizes. Public dinners furnish them with a career. They, too, like more powerful spirits, know how to value opportunities for public display, the cheers of sympathizing audiences, the chance of being accurately reported, and even of being embalmed in a leading article; and it is only in the chair of a public dinner that they can hope to enjoy these essential conditions of human happiness. It is impossible to look upon a chairman of the ordinary or volunteer type without emotion. It is obvious, from the lines of his ingenuous countenance, that he is not made for eloquence, except in a strictly after-dinner sense. It is manifest from the first words he utters that it needs an audience specially prepared to admire his performance. But he has an ambitious heart. He yearns for fame as earnestly as the most powerful orator on the Treasury bench. It is affecting to think that, if there had been no such institution as a public dinner, he might never have known what it was to be cheered by an excited audience; his wife would never have enjoyed the triumph of reading out his speech to the assembled family at breakfast; his daughters would never have performed the dutiful office of cutting out and preserving the leading article in which his humble efforts at political wisdom were cut up. It is good that there should be a career for everybody. Of late years the progress of the world has been somewhat hard upon stupidity. And yet, after all, the stupid people, if they did but know it, form the majority of the species, and have the rights of a majority. Poor Pantaloon may not be as agile or as deft as Harlequin, but he has just as much right to make his appearance upon the boards. We live in a time when all interests claim to be represented; and benevolent dullness constitutes an interest far too powerful to be neglected. It cannot be safely entrusted with a statesman's duties, but it may without danger be employed in the harmless task of reciting the well-known praises of "the Queen," "the Royal Family," with a touching reference to the Prince Consort, and a compliment to the Princess of Wales, "the Bishops and Clergy," "the Army, Navy, Militia, and Volunteers." It is a severe exercise, after all, to intellect of the chairman calibre; and the value of intellectual contributions to the service of the public ought to be estimated like the widow's mite, not by the wealth of the gift, but by the poverty of the giver. It may happen to some persons to repine who have to sit and listen while this public service is being performed; but they ought rather to reflect with pride upon the marvellous ingenuity displayed by the nineteenth century in discovering a method by which the aspirations even of ambitious dullness can be turned to account.

The December number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will contain the first number of Charles Reade's new novel, "Jealousy," which will appear contemporaneously in a new English monthly about to be published by Sampson Low & Co., London, under the title of "The Argosy."

ELEGY ON A CAT.

She died when earth was fair beyond all price,
When hearts were warm as her own coat of silk;
When people's houses seemed the homes of mice,
And when life's cup, for her, o'erflowed with milk.
Reared tenderly, she spent her few brief years,
Like cats in Egypt—sacred, free from fears—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's had a peaceful time;
She might have been a sausage long ago—
A muff, a fiddle-string; but to her prime
She hath arrived with an unruffled brow;
Shielded as if she had but one sweet life
Instead of nine—kept from all care and strife—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's now a cat with wings;
Perhaps a dweller in the "milky-way;"
Purring for joy amid all purring things;
No longer blinded with the light of day;
Where boys are not, nor stones, nor tears, nor sighs;
All dogs forever banished from her eyes—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, pure as a kitten's dream;
Calm as her own washed face at day's decline;
Soft as the scent of catnip; rich as cream.
Then lay her under ground all snug and nice,
For, like the "Puss in Boots," she'll catch no mice;
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! there is no cause for woe;
But nerve the drooping spirit that it walk
Unshrinking in this ratty world below,
And bear life's ills; thy tears can't call her back.
Thou'lt meet her when thy fleeting years have flown,
With radiant whiskers in that brighter home—
Weep not for her!

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

SIZE.

I never, from the story-book period of childhood, entirely shook off my intense distrust of every thing that, in human form, approached exaggerated proportions. Many a delightful polka have I sacrificed to the craven fear (I am of the feminine gender) which prompted me to transfer some immensely tall partner to my sister—rather than put finger on his colossal arm. Strangely enough, mingled with all this was a kind of fascination that irresistibly impelled me to approach, or converse about, the thing I feared. To gaze, however, was one thing; to touch, another.

This lingering impression of my childhood was destined to involve me, when grown up, in a singular train of circumstances:

Twenty years since, in the course of a few weeks' residence at M——, in the south of France, I happened to be passing down the principal street, when my eye was caught by a placard intimating that the "Greatest man of the Age" had arrived at M——, and had consented to receive its citizens without any more marked distinction of rank, sex, or age, than was conveyed in the charge of five sous for children under eight, as against one franc for those of any riper age. Monsieur Dermot O'Leary requested that, in view of the immense concourse to be expected from the catholic nature of this invitation, visitors would limit their stay to five minutes.

"Dermot O'Leary." The name, as that of a public man, did not sound familiar. I was beginning to speculate how in the world our Cæsar had "grown so great," when a young gentleman, in a blue frock, suddenly hung out a second placard, presenting to my startled eyes the figure of a man of colossal stature, with his arm extended horizontally, about two feet above the head of another, presumed to be of ordinary height, standing at his side.

A GIANT! I felt my blood curdle. I shrank back instinctively; but, in a moment, the accustomed counter-feeling urged me forward, and I perused, from end to end, the condensed biography of the "Greatest Man of the Age," as set forth, in type inaptly small, on the bill. "Age, twenty-seven; height, eight feet, wanting an inch; weight, nineteen stone; father and mother, average size; sister, six feet four, shooting up." Such were some of the particulars. A very respectable monster indeed.

I tried to move on. Impossible! My feet seemed rooted to the ground. A strange longing to *see* the creature was becoming every instant more importunate. To enter *alone*, however, was a thing not to be thought of. Where was the expected crowd? Safely ensconced in their midst, I might have enjoyed my gaze, and vanished.

As I hesitated, two persons came forth, in eager conversation. I caught a few words, which were not uttered in a confidential tone —"most interesting,"—"singular physiological phenom——,"—"crowd too dense for——"

The last expression sufficed. I paid my franc, and, ascending a few stairs on the right arrived at a heavy crimson curtain, before which was seated the young gentleman in blue. He took my check, and demanded my parasol. Why did he want my parasol? Did he think I might injure his little giant with that lethal weapon? On no consideration that could be proposed to me would I place myself within its length of the Greatest Man, but part with it I would not. Seeing me resolved, the boy lifted the curtain, and admitted me. To my utter astonishment I was *alone!*

A sickening horror seized me. I clutched the curtain.

"Open....let me out," I gasped, trying madly, but in vain, to find the opening.

"P-p-pardon me," said a very small, nervous voice, somewhere near the ceiling. "Will you not t-take a chair?"

I lifted my eyes to the region of the little voice. There, within a few paces of me, stood the giant. How he entered I never knew; probably through another curtained entrance at the side. He was in complete evening dress, even to white cravat and gloves; he carried an opera hat, and bore altogether the appearance of a highly-magnified waiter with a tea-tray. His immense countenance conveyed no ideas of savage passion or inordinate appetite. It was a perfect sea of vacuous good humor, chequered with an expression of awkward diffidence, which, in an individual of his proportions, struck me as absurd. If such a word as "finikin" could with any propriety be applied to a gentleman eight feet high and broad in proportion, here was that monster.

I could not restrain a faint giggle; then, angry with myself, colored to the eyes, and made a new attempt to get away.

If giants giggle, the sound emitted by the greatest man partook of that character. Blush

I am sure he did, and the idea that he was at least as alarmed and embarrassed as myself, was so far reassuring, that, though annoyed, I was still sensible of the unkindness of quitting so shy a monster without the interchange of a word. But what to *say?*

The giant shifted from one huge foot to another, curled his moustache with an effort to appear at ease, and finally, with another giggle, inquired:

"Did you ever, madame, see so large a man as myself?"

I murmured, faintly, that I could not bear testimony to anything so prodigious.

The giant did not seem gratified. On the contrary, to my surprise he appeared to wince, and certainly knit his brows. The thought flashed across me, "Have I hurt his feelings? This immoderate structure is, after all, a deformity—a misfortune. How could I have been so thoughtless!"

"*But,*" I hastened to add, with desperate politeness, "you, with your fine proportions—so—so well——"

Again I stopped, coloring scarlet. Here was I, an English lady, bred up in all the delicate restraints of society, coolly paying my franc for the privilege of a tête-à-tête with a monstrous stranger, of whose existence I had never before heard, openly discussing with him his personal appearance, and unable to advance any better apology for all this unreserve than that my friend was twice the ordinary size. I was resolved to put an end to the interview. Bowing slightly, as if perfectly satisfied, I made a feint to go. But this movement seemed to give the giant courage. He gently interposed his huge bulk.

"Let me hope, madam," he said, "you will not confine yourself too rigidly within the terms of my bill. My arrival is, at present, but little known in M——. It is rarely, indeed, that I—that is, I——Forgive me" (he sighed deeply.) "All I mean to say is, that my time, every second of it, is completely at your service. Ask me any questions you please."

Questions! What could he mean? What do little people ask giants? How they are fed? Who cuts their hair? Where they take exercise unseen? If they ever find horses big enough to ride? What weather they have "up there?" The little voice broke on my meditations.

"Would you like," it asked, with a slight tremor, "to s-span my chest!"

"Sir!"

"Or p-poke my leg?"

Poke his leg! Hardly knowing what I did, but certainly acting on an impulse rather defensive than curious, I made a feeble dab with my parasol at one of those mighty members, which had been slid bashfully a few inches nearer to me.

The giant mistook my demonstration.

"Don't be afraid, I beg. No delusion, my dear madam. All fair flesh and blood, I pledge you my honor. The circumference of my calf is twenty-two inches and a quarter; that is to say, considerably more than your—your waist."

Again the giant sighed.

It was excessively embarrassing. I could not make out whether my colossal friend expected compliment or condolence. If he was ashamed of his dreadful calf, why present it to my notice? If proud, why sigh?

Presently, he drew himself up to his full height, and, extending his arms like the sails of a windmill, invited me to pass beneath. In this attitude he appeared so very gigantic, that my courage, always wavering, gave way. The dread and antipathy of my nursery days came upon me with overwhelming power. I grew hot and cold, felt faint, began to cry.

The giant, alarmed, regained with a start his natural position.

"You are agitated, my dear madam! Permit me, I beseech you—the sofa—Ohi, Alphonse!" (to the blue boy)—"a glass of water for madame! Quick!—Is it possible," he continued, "that your generous, tender heart has suggested—dare I believe that....For Heaven's sake, answer! What, O *what*, has moved you thus?"

"Your—size!" I gasped, half resentfully; and fainted.

I went home in a carriage, and was for several days far from well. During that interval I had numerous visitors, almost all of whom mentioned, as one of the topics of the hour, the advent and extraordinary success of Monsieur Dermont O'Leary, the renowned "géant Irlandais." As for me, I preserved the secret of our interview with religious care; trying, though with little success, to regard it rather as a horrible dream than an actual occurrence, and nursing myself diligently into travelling condition, with the fixed intention of quitting the giant-haunted precincts. In the mean time, with the curious inconsistency I have described, my ears drank in every word that bore reference to the great subject.

"Certainly. Remarkable man," I heard one of my visitors observing. "One is apt to associate some degree of awkwardness with the movement of large bodies. Now, with Monsieur Dermot O'Leary all is tranquil ease—careless grace—a complete——"

"So perfectly unembarrassed!" put in a lady. "His self-possession is singular! Sitting there, the object of every eye, most of them furnished with opera-glasses (for the room was literally crammed), you would have imagined him one of the least interested spectators, rather than the marvel all had come to see."

"Converses so well!"

"So thoroughly well! A most retentive memory."

"*One* thing seems to have been deeply impressed upon it," said the first speaker. "Did you notice the grateful fervid enthusiasm with which he alluded to the first—the very first—visit he received here? It gave me a strong prepossession in his favor; the more so, because it is clear to me that he is a man accustomed to exercise considerable self-control, and to preserve a calm exterior, whatever lurks within."

A calm exterior!

"I am confident," concluded my friend, with a smile, "that this first mysterious visitor was a lady."

I am afraid it was, I thought.

Left alone, I fell into a deep reverie. Something whispered that it was to my unlucky visit the monster had referred; but why on earth *my* franc should have impressed him more deeply than any of the thousands that had succeeded, I could not divine. Then, why was his manner so different—calm and collected with everybody else; nervous and diffident with *me?* Vanity itself could not insinuate that there was anything in my person or manner especially calculated to captivate this Polypheme. The bare thought of being in the remotest degree associated, as it were, with the tremendous man, almost threw me into a fever. I resolved to leave the place the very next day.

The train to my destination not starting until the afternoon, I took advantage of this to bid farewell to a friend who lived in the next street; I paid my visit; and was again within a hundred yards of home, when a carriage, going at a foot pace, and attended by a crowd of several hundred men and boys, cheering something at the full pitch of their lungs, turned into the street.

I hate a crowd, and skipping up quickly on a door-step, stood well back to let the people pass. It was a fatal movement. As the mob swept by, a gigantic head became visible, peering from the carriage-window, which it exactly filled. It was *He!* His eye caught me in a moment. The immense table-land of his face was covered with a scarlet blush. He smiled, and kissed his hand; not ungracefully, it must be owned, but still in such a manner as to induce his attentive escort to turn to see who could be the giant's particular friend! They probably expected another giant; there was a sort of derisive disappointed laugh, and—

"A cheer for madame!" squeaked a mischievous little urchin near me. It was given. On swept the procession, and I hardly knew what was passing till I found myself on the sofa half fainting with shame and annoyance; nor could I regain my tranquillity of spirit till I was fairly on my road away.

The groves and gardens of the place of my destination had just put on the fresh green robes of spring, and I was in the full enjoyment of the change of scene and season, when I had the additional delight of meeting an old friend, who had arrived the previous day. She was on her road to England, and purposing to halt but one day, made me promise to spend the whole of it with her: dining at the table d'hôte of her hotel, at which only a quiet party of some ten or twelve usually assembled.

Descending to the saloon at the usual summons, we found, to our utter surprise, not less than a hundred and twenty persons already seated; the board, in fact, seemed full. We had not thought it necessary to retain places, and were hesitating in what direction to move, when the landlord himself, accosting us with civil smiles, marshalled us to the upper end of the table. He had, as he informed us, reserved the two seats he judged to be most accordant with the wishes of mesdames.

Charmed with his politeness, we accepted the seats provided: thus filling up the only gap at the table, with the exception of the single place at the top, where stood a remarkably large chair, still unoccupied.

It seemed to us that an unusual air of hilarity pervaded the party. There was a kind of carnival look in the appointments of the room and table, and even the air and step of the nimble waiters announced of something beyond the common routine of festivity. The cheerfulness of the scene, joined to the pres-

ence of my old friend, raised my spirits to an unusual pitch: I was speculating gaily as to what manner of neighbor I should have on my left, when a sudden pause ensued in the clatter of plates and tongues, followed by an eager buzz. Every head was turned in our direction. Many of the gentlemen half rose, as if in respect, or curiosity; a group of waiters opened; there was a heavy step, a mighty black and white cloud—the GIANT was seated at my side!

How I felt when this fact established itself in my mind I will not seek to describe. I knew I must not faint, nor make a scene, nor even contrive a pretext to withdraw. In short, I flatter myself I acted on that trying occasion in a manner which, under other circumstances, would have obtained for me the character of a heroine.

To do the huge man justice, he behaved with all consideration. No gentleman could have demeaned himself—no ten gentlemen, of ordinary size, could have demeaned themselves—with more refined courtesy. His recognition was not so marked as to draw any especial attention to myself. He was far more collected than at our first meeting, and chatted in a lively tone with all who were within reach: particularly with my friend, who, far from evincing surprise or alarm, appeared delighted at the good fortune that had placed us in the immediate vicinity of the lion of the hour.

Upon what meats, or in what respective quantities the giant fed, I cannot say. I know that three chosen waiters, active, powerful men, danced a perpetual reel about his chair, relieving each other in the adminstration of vast plates of something. Also, that before the close of that tremendous meal, a perfect little semicircle of bottles formed a chevaux-de-frise between us.

The dinner seemed interminable. I do not think I could have borne the situation five minutes longer, when my friend rose. At the moment, the giant bent forward his enormous head, and whispered—*what* I know not. I was far too agitated to know. Enough that my retreat was effected. I was panting for air, and begged my friend to walk with me into one of the shady garden terraces, where, leaving me seated in a little trellised bower, she went back to the house to make some change in her dress.

No sooner had she quitted me than my spirits suddenly gave way. I burst into a violent flood of tears. I don't know if I have made it plain to the reader; but, to *me*, it was all too certain that I had, by some strange fatality, made an impression on the heart or fancy of this too susceptible monster. He did not want to eat me. On that score my mind was at rest. He was a kind monster and a gentle. But could anything be more unfortunate—more absurd? A creature whose presence, harmless as he was, filled me with fear and horror! Morbid as might be the antipathy, I could no more overcome it than I could have wrestled successfully with the giant himself. What was to be done? Nothing, but resume my flight, and keep my movements as secret as possible. "Oh, giant! giant!" I sobbed out audibly; "why—*why* is this——"

"This *what?*" said a voice close at hand. There was a loud rustle among the trees, a step that nearly shook down the arbor—the giant was kneeling before me! Even in that position his mighty head towered far above me. He caught my hand.

"Speak, speak, dearest; most generous of —— Eh! ha!"

I had fainted again.

In the course of that evening, I should say that nearly the entire population of the place informed themselves, either by direct inquiries at the hotel, or otherwise, that the English madame who had fainted while sitting with Monsieur O'Leary ("son prétendu") in the arbor, was as well as a slight fluttering of the nerves permitted. It was understood that the marriage would not take place until monsieur had fulfilled several important provincial engagements, when the young people would be united at Paris, and proceed at once to their residence, Castle O'Leary, Ballyshandra, Tipperary.

That night I made all needful preparations, bade adieu to my friend, and by noon next day was at our obscure little village, sixty miles off, and as remote from railway, or any other communication, as possible. Here, I drew free breath. I had bribed my postilions to conceal my route, I had ordered my letters to be forwarded in a different direction, and taken other precautions which could not fail to secure my object.

I was very happy in that forgotten little village. I had lodgings in a farm-house, and (barring industry) lived the life of its merry and contented inhabitants: rising at half-past four, dining at noon, and going to rest when the first bat begin to circle round the thatched porch. The sweet summer fled away only too rapidly, but duties recalled me to the busy world, and, now that all seemed safe, I had no excuse for lingering. I therefore bade farewell to my happy valley, and started for Paris, purporting to stop a day or two at St. B.——, the town to which my letters had been addressed.

It was, I think, on the third evening of my stay, that the servant handed me a visiting card, adding that a gentleman was below, who earnestly entreated a few minutes' private conversation—

"Colonel Austin Dolmage,
87th Royal Irish,
Scallabogue."

An Irishman! I had no acquaintance bearing that name. What could his visit mean? My heart began to palpitate; strange misgivings came upon me.

"What sort of a gentleman, Marie? Is—is he—he—tall?"

Not remarkably tall in Marie's opinion, but well-mannered, genteel, amiable.

"Alone, Marie? Did he desire to see me *alone?*"

Marie's belief was, that he made that request. She would fly and learn. Back she came breathless.

The colonel truly desired to see madame alone, but would not venture to make conditions. As madame pleased.

I directed Marie to show him up, and to remain—a sort of compromise, since Marie knew no word of English.

The gentleman who presented himself was all that Marie had described him: with the addition of a singularly frank and handsome countenance, and most winning smile. He looked, nevertheless, pale and anxious; and in a somewhat hurried manner, began to apologize for his intrusion:

"It is," he went on, "a matter so delicate, that nothing short of the painful and urgent circumstances of the case could have induced me to accept a mission, which (first earnestly bespeaking your kind indulgence) I will unfold as briefly as possible. You have been, I think, within these few months at M——?"

I bowed.

"And there became acquainted with a—a gentleman—whose unusual stature may possibly, independent of other reasons, suffice to recall him to your recollection?"

My lips faltered a faint admission that the little peculiarity referred to, had *not* wholly escaped me.

"Dermont O'Leary is a connexion of mine—and—" Colonel Dolmage added, with some emotion, "my most intimate and confidential friend."

Even at that agitated moment it occurred to me that the selection was inconvenient: since, unless the giant sat down, or his friend mounted a table, there could be little interchange of "confidence."

"He is dangerously ill—reduced, by several weeks severe sickness, to a degree of prostration, from which his medical advisers deem it impossible he can recover. Poor Dermot is greatly beloved by us at home, and, hearing of his sad condition, I obtained leave of absence, and hurried hither. *Now*, my dear madam, comes the most difficult part of my embassy. My poor friend, whose nature is most susceptible, and responds readily, almost *too* readily, to the slightest demonstration of interest, touched to the heart by some expression of yours, conceived a strong attachment to the kind speaker. The discovery he subsequently made, or fancied he made, that your affections were already engaged, brought on his fatal illness. He is dying, but hearing that you had followed him hither——"

"'Followed,' sir? Allow me to assure you that to you alone am I indebted for the information that the g—— that Mr. O'Leary—is here."

The colonel looked surprised, but bowed politely:

"At all events, he is aware of your arrival in this rather out-of-the-way spot, and, to be brief, adjured me by every tie of friendship to seek you out, and entreat you to vouchsafe him one minute's interview. He has that to say to you which may materially affect your future happiness. Permit me, my dear madam," concluded the colonel, "to add my petition to that of my generous-hearted cousin; let me hope that you will not refuse this solace to his dying hour."

What could I say? For an instant I tried to frame some form of refusal, but speak it I could not. Go I must. A few minutes found me actually on my way to the giant's lodging, leaning on Colonel Dolmage's arm, and attended by Marie.

My heart throbbed almost audibly as I ascended the stairs, and I was glad to sit down for a moment in the ante-chamber, while the colonel went to announce my arrival to his friend.

He returned on tip-toe; in the way in which men usually walk in a sick-room, to the great derangement of invalid nerves.

"He wanders a little. Don't be alarmed; he is too weak to speak above a whisper, and can with difficulty move hand or foot. He is a little flighty; but on the *one* subject I think you will find him perfectly clear. Shall we go in?"

I trembled in every joint as I approached the four beds which, placed together, formed a sufficient cot for the poor giant. Alas! how changed! All my fears, all my old antipathies, were at once swallowed up in a sense of profound pity for the noble form, now reduced to a wreck with which a child might cope. The large sunken eyes turned on me with a look of gratitude I shall never forget. His lips moved; he beckoned me to the bedside. The colonel stood opposite.

Then, with all his remaining strength, the giant took my hand in one of his, and with the other clasped his friend's. He signed to me to put down my head. I obeyed, listening eagerly.

"I—know—your—secret," faltered the poor giant; "take—my—b-blessing."

To my inexpressible amazement, he then joined my hand with that of Colonel Dolmage, and, exhausted with the effort, sank back unconscious on the pillow.

The colonel colored, and bit his lip, hardly able to repress a smile.

"I was not prepared for *this* part of the hallucination," he said, hurriedly. "You will acquit me of any participation. Good Heaven! I fear he is gone."

It was not so; the invalid had only sunk into an exhausted slumber—a state which, in his case, as in some others, proved to be the precursor of a favorable change.

From the moment when his poor disordered brain pictured that he had secured my happiness, and that of his friend, he began to rally. It is true that, as reason regained her sway, he became fully sensible of his little mistake; it could not, however, be recalled, nor was it so embarrassing as might be imagined.

I know not how it came about—whether from the community of interest engendered in the sick-room, or how far the noble-hearted giant himself contributed to the result—but my acquaintance with Colonel Dolmage, so oddly commenced, ripened into mutual regard and esteem. In fact, about six months after the scene above described, our hands were a second time united: this time with the Church's blessing in addition to that of Mr. O'Leary. We were married at the chapel of the British embassy in Paris. A French journal, reporting the occurrence, remarked as a singular feature that the monsieur who assisted as groomsman, had two metres fifty-five millimetres of height.

Years after that happy day, I was sitting in my pretty Irish garden, with my tall cousin, of whom I had long since lost all fear, when it came into my head to ask him on what possible word of mine he had based his early impression that I had conceived an especial personal interest in him?

He spoke of my embarrassment, my blushes, etc., etc.

"But the *word*, cousin, the word. The mysterious 'expression' of which Austin spoke?"

"Well, do you recollect my asking you what moved you thus keenly? And do you remember what your replied?"

"Perfectly: 'Your size.'"

"Good; you are answered."

"Am I?"

I pondered for a moment; then I asked:

"Cousin, how would you *spell* 'size?'"

"How? S—i—g—h—s."

"No, no, my dear cousin; S—i—z—e. It makes all the difference."

"A very considerable difference," said my companion, rather thoughtfully. "To be sure, *Size*."

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